saw the face of a sweet little lamb gazing at him from the top of the bank. The symbol of the lamb in the Bible had always attracted him, and his heart went out to the dear little creature. With some difficulty he scrambled up the bank, slipping often in the damp, red earth, threw his arms round the lamb's neck and kissed it.

The lamb bit him /

Did this set-back in early childhood influence him ? I wonder ! He had another such set-back when he first went on the stage, and for some six weeks in Dublin was subjected every night to groans, hoots, hisses, and cat-calls from audiences who resented him because he had taken the place of a dismissed favourite. In such a situation an actor is not likely to take stock of *reasons.* Henry Irving only knew that the Dublin people made him the abject of violent personal antipathy. " I played my parts not badly for me," he said simply," in spite of the howls of execration with which I was received."

The bitterness of this Dublin episode was never quite forgotten. It coloured Henry Irving's attitude towards the public. When he made his humble little speeches of thanks to them before the curtain, there was always a touch of pride in. the humility. Perhaps he would not have received adulation in quite the same dignified way if he had never known what it was to wear the martyr's "shirt of flame/' . This is the worst of my trying to give a consecutive narrative of my first years at the Lyceum. Henry Irving looms across them, reducing all events, all feelings, all that happened, and all that was suggested, to

pigmy size.

Let me speak *generally* of his method of procedure in producing a play.

First he studied it for three months himself, and nothing in that play would escape him. Some one once asked him